THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. VII.

Si les femmes veulent seulement être belles a leur propres yeux, et se plaire a elles-memes, elles peuvent, sans doute, dans la maniere de s'embeller, dans le choix des ajustemens et de la parure, suivre leur gout et leur caprice, mais si c'est aux hommes qu'elles desirent de plaire, si c'est pour ceux qu'elles se fardent ou qu'elles s'enluminent, j'ai recueillé les voix, et je leur prononce de la part de tous les hommes, que le blanc et le rouge, les rendent affreuses et degoutântes.

LA BRUYERE.

TO THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

SIR,

I am a young gentleman of considerable property, and having arrived at the age, which I have long contemplated as the period of settling myself by a matrimonial connection, I came some months ago to this city, in hopes of meeting with one, among your Philadelphia belles, who should sufficiently interest my feelings, to be selected as my companion through life. I have been unfortunate in not having a very general acquaintance here: and although I am very willing to allow the ladies, to whom I have been introduced, a great superiority over others in many respects, yet "I, who fondly gaze on nature's face," turn from them with sorrow: and as I mourn over their infirmities, I determine to bid adieu to scenes, where female beauty and artlessness can no longer be found, and in which I can no longer be interested.

The disappointment of my expectations has led me to some observations on the subject of face painting, which I must beg leave to offer to my *picturesque* friends, through the medium of your excellent paper. By way of preliminary remark, permit me to assure you, I have never known a woman of good sense or true delicacy adopt the practice, which may deservedly be called barbarous, and which, in civilized society, is entirely confined to those weaker daughters of men, who believe the only way of making themselves agreeable in our eyes, is by strutting like the fabled jack-daw, in borrowed plumage. But in this attempt to deceive others, they only deceive themselves; there are few persons, who can mistake the daubed visage of a play-house belle, for the ruddiness of nature. Did it pass without detection, we might be inclined to forgive the deception; but our American ladies have not practised it long enough to excel, and as it is too easily discovered to be relished, I advise them to paint the faces of their dolls, instead of their own. It will amuse their time quite as well, and as in Dolly we do not seek the artless blush of virgin modesty, nor the graceful tear of sensibility, the one will not be concealed, nor the other restrained, lest in its course it should rob the cheek of its borrowed brilliancy.

For my part, and I believe it is the case with all my sex, although I am an enthusiastic admirer of beauty, yet I prefer the ugliest face I ever beheld, to the finest set of features, if they are deformed by artificial colouring.

Now, sir, after having obtruded my humble opinion on this subject, I must beg you will add some of your own arguments in support of mine. For coming from such respectable authority as their friend Mr. Saunter, reproof will have double effect on the fair. It is your duty, sir, conscious as you must be of the deference they pay to your advice, to admonish them to throw aside their white lead, their brushes, their rouge, and all the variety of lotions, which they apply to this most disgraceful purpose. It is your province to acquaint them with ornaments for their minds, and teach them, that a cultivated understanding will give a lustre to their countenances, infinitely superior to any that paint affords. Your proofs must convince them that rouge, far from improving, even a bad face, deforms ugliness itself, and renders it more disgusting. It is you alone, sir, who can persuade them to the belief of this truth, that if the varied emotions of woman's soft and gentle soul beam in her countenance, it matters not whether her complexion is very fair very brown.

Yours,

FAIRLOVE.

In common with many of my correspondents, my friend Mr. Fairlove exalts my power, and exaggerates my influence. Though I have for a long time "capered nimbly in a lady's chamber," although I have overturned several toilets, and broken several bottles of Circassian bloom, yet I fear I have not been successful enough to banish many *artificial* blushes, or even to induce *one*, which is *natural*. Such is my chagrin at the failure of all my projects for reforming the *painted* sinner, that I have serious thoughts of endeavouring to profit by the sale of *rouge*. I find that in despite of all my lessons, the ladies will sometimes resort to "Vanity Fair," and

"walk the place
Through tape, toys, tinsel, *paint*, perfume, and lace."

They may read STERNE, and prattle about the "milk of human kindness," but their earnest inquiry is for the *milk of roses*, and an ounce of *white lead*, in their false *scales* of estimation, too often outweighs the solidity of sense and the worth of virtue.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE late closing of the play-house doors, which, of course, *barred out* our review from the Port Folio, however grateful to our indolence, propitious to our love of *reading*, and our coyness to *write*, is a circumstance that excites our genuine regret for the loss of those who may be justly stiled the *faithful* servants of the public. Indeed, it may be made a very interesting question, whether the lovers of rational amusement have not lost as well as the managers.

Prior to the temporary suspension of our theatrical amusement, The Wedding in Wales was played, and in a manner, we have no hesitation in declaring incomparably superior to the first performance. The house, though thin from the usual causes, was attentive to the story; charmed with the song, and liberal of their praise. Mr. Bernard in the epilogue appeared to be inspired by all the powers of Quaintness and Humour; and, on no occasion has Miss Westray displayed more vivacity and archness than was witnessed and applauded in her character of the lively Welsh spinster.

The deficiency of public encouragement compelled the Managers to close the theatre for two successive nights, but it was opened with renovated attraction on Monday. We rejoiced at seeing the boxes respectably filled, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The Point of Honour, of which, we have made frequent mention in our theatrical review for last season, was revived on that evening. The name of Cooper was no longer affixed to a character which he conceived, and expressed with unusual energy; but the attraction of that of Mrs. Merry, in Bertha, held the balance even. Her wonderful powers imparted to this character an interest, of which we had scarcely thought it possest. Mr. Warren was the substitute for Cooper in Major St. Franc. Although this part be out of his general line of acting, and although he had to contend against the vivid recollection which all play-going Christians retain of the excellence of his predecessor, he was, as he always is, respectable.

The play was succeeded by a grand heroic pantomime called Hercules and Omphale. In this piece, some of the decorations so liberally bestowed upon the tragedy of Alexander the Great are interwoven with much new scenery and magnificent spectacle. Founded upon the fictions of classical antiquity, the story possesses an interest which is rarely excited by pantomime. Considering the extent and variety of its decorations, it went off with great correctness. Some novelties had a peculiarly happy effect; among these the shower of fire deserves to be particularly mentioned. Upon the whole, we think that we may venture to affirm, that for elegant scenery and splendid pageantry, this pantomime has been, hitherto, unrivalled on the American stage.

MISCELLANY.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

THE London monthly Magazine, conducted by Dr. Aikin, &c. and contributed to by Drs. Priestley, Beddoes, &c. contains much ingenious literary matter, whenever the writers choose to let church and state alone. The following is a most exquisite piece of poetry, which the good taste of the above writers has snatched from oblivion.... The delightful images in every couplet will be eagerly gazed at by every lover.

"If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo.

Those babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye
Such as yours may be off in a shot!
Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath, when I choose.
Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
The dew, and the oath that are there,
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
To loose them so sweetly in air!
But clear up the heaven of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they must be both broken together!"

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In the course of my reading I am never more pleased than when I meet some memorial of the versatile talents of Sir WILLIAM JONES, who had the rare good fortune to flourish among a liberal people; to be instructed by PARR, and SUMNER; to possess all the gifts of mind; to challenge the boon of riches, and the shouts of praise, and to resist the sleep of sloth and withstand the blandishments of pleasure.

The British critics analizing one of his last literary labours, have thus justly praised this accomplished orientalist.

"But there is another circumstance, which recommends this work to our peculiar regard. It is among the last labours of a very eminent and industrious scholar, whose exertions in the cause of literature and of mankind, death has prematurely interrupted. That he has not left his equal behind him for genius and for diligence it may be thought extravagant to maintain. But where shall we look for his persevering courage and ardour of curiosity? The thirst for wealth has always excited, and will still continue to excite, thousands to brave the perils of the ocean, and the utmost severities of climate. It was reserved for sir WILLIAM JONES, and perhaps for him alone, to pursue knowledge with unabated ardour, and unexampled success, in defiance of the scorching suns of India, and the still more dangerous allurement of its pleasures."

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I frequently turn over the charming odes of the Anacreon of Persia, and suffer delighted Fancy to cross "the stream of *Rocknabad*," or loiter in the gay "bower of *Mosellay*." The following is copied with a hope that the ingenious "*P. D.*" will give it a poetical dress. Not to mention a word of his tardiness of invention or the mediocrity of his rhymes, the "author" is too laboriously engaged in *reading* poetry to have any leisure to combine a couplet.

Ode from the Persian of Hafiz, translated by Sir W. Ouseley.

I cannot relinquish the delights of love and a flowing cup; I have vowed an hundred times to forsake them; I vow, but I can do no more.

The garden of Paradise, the celestial shades, and the bowers of the lovely Houris are not equal in my opinion, to the mansion of her, whom I adore.

If, as 'tis said, angels are not affected with the power of love; I, a mere mortal, cannot conceive that which constitutes their felicity.

In the time of prayer, the graceful form of my beloved obtrudes itself on my imagination; and induces a mussulman to become the worshipper of an idol.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Walking Dress.—Round dress of thick white muslin. The Hungarian cloak made of nacarat, or scarlet silk; trimmed all round with broad black lace or fur. A bonnet of the same colour as the cloak; trimmed with black lace or fur, and ornamented with a flower or feather of the same colour.

Dancing, or full Dress.—A short robe of fine muslin with a train or petticoat of the same: the robe made plain over the bosom, with additional fronts, to fly open from the shoulders.—The whole bound with scarlet ribbon: the sleeves and the robe, from the shoulders to the bottom, are ornamented with scarlet ribbon. The bosom trimmed round with deep white lace. A hat of white silk, turned up in front, and lined with scarlet; a feather of the same colour fixed in front, to fall over the crown.

Head Dresses.—A bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with blue ribbon; a deep black lace round the front.—A close bonnet of purple, or other coloured silk, trimmed with ribbon of the same colour and ornamented with a flower in front.—A bonnet of black velvet, turned up in front, and lined and trimmed with scarlet; a scarlet feather in front.—A cap of coloured velvet, with a flower of the same colour in front.—A domestic or undress cap of fine muslin.—A bonnet of pink silk, trimmed with black ribbon, and a black feather; black lace round the front.—A dress hat of white sattin, turned up in front, and trimmed with purple velvet; purple and white feathers in front.—A black velvet hat, turned up in front, and lined and trimmed with purple.—A hat of brown velvet, turned up in front, and trimmed with pink; bows before and behind.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The prevailing colours are scarlet, pink, and purple. Black bear muffs and tippets, long before, and in the form of handkerchiefs, are general for morning, and walking-dress; and white muffs and tippets for full dress. Feathers and flowers of all descriptions are universal: long scarlet ribbons are worn round the bosom, from which miniatures are or lockets suspended. Caps in full dress, are more prevalent than last winter.

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PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The Ladies of Fashion have taken again the oblong Caps, but the silver bands with which they were ornamented are entirely exploded and replaced by Pearls. Hats of the newest fashion are made with black and rose-colour satin. Instead of the stiff plumes called *Esprits*, sometimes a long and waving feather is substituted in their place. Flat feathers are generally worn. Shawls are as ridiculous as they are troublesome, by their extreme fullness, but notwithstanding they are considered as very elegant.

The following account of an interesting little volume lately republished, will we, hope attract attention. The writer of it informs us that, it was intended as a preface to the American edition, but was received too late by the publisher. The work is entitled "The Progress of the *Pilgrim*, GOOD INTENT, in Jacobinical Times."

FROM the earliest times Christianity has had to contend with many enemies. During the four first centuries, the sword of persecution was unsheathed against the followers of a meek and lowly Saviour. By the unrelenting rage of Julian, the very foundations of our religion were threatened to be rooted from the earth. Antichrist afterwards arose, unfurled his bloody banners, and moved with impetuosity in his conquests. The voice of Infidelity, has, through every age, been heard opposing the word of truth, and blaspheming the Son of God. The arm of power, the tongue of sophistry have repeatedly been exerted against Divine Revelation and its peaceable Disciples.

The eighteenth Century has, however, witnessed machinations against the Christian Religion, beyond all others the most artful, the most wicked, and the most formidable. There was a time when the bold arrogance of Human Reason was silent, and when Infidelity dared only in the cloak of Philosophy to look upon the day: but lately we have seen it leagued with political frenzy in the attempt to overthrow and to destroy: lately we have heard it proclaiming its tenets in the plainest and most undisguised terms, without the gaiety of Shaftesbury, the originality of Bolingbroke, or the subtlety of Hume. The dark counsels of the Illuminati, have been directed against the fountain of truth, the stability of government, and the peace of the world. Voltaire, without solidity of talents or profundity of erudition, but with a mind wonderfully versatile, may be considered as the leader of that daring sect. He called to his aid the weightier sagacity of D'Alembert and Diderot, and even seduced the King of Prussia to enlist under his command. France and Germany were designated as the first subjects for the operation of their principles; and the convulsions of France, the unparallelled outrages which she has witnessed, the Jacobinical banditti which she has nourished, the blood of the innocent which has streamed from her scaffolds, the groans which were heard from the prisons of despair, have declared how deadly was the poison. To doubt the existence of a Society which has been termed Illuminati, would be to disbelieve all truth which depends upon the testimony of men. To the world they have been detected and exposed by the writings of Robison and Barreul. The works of the Illuminées themselves are open to the inspection of all who would rather examine and be convinced, than obstinately persist in ignorance. The late Lord Orford, during his residence in France, in a letter to his friend General Conway, mentions, the formation of a Society, for the purpose of overthrowing the Christian Religion.*

The people of Great-Britain, and those of the United States, have felt the infection of principles which partake of the nature of those which have been mentioned. It is not to be denied, that we have heard the sound of a spirit which rages to destroy the authority not only of man, but of God. To this perturbed spirit, will every soul of virtue say, *hence from this land, which has hitherto owned the empire of virtue—back to thy abodes of terror and of woe.* England has lately produced a writer, who has become the favourite Apostle of Infidelity in the present day. With a command of language which but few have equalled and with originality, at least in effrontery, Godwin has proclaimed his ideas of Political Justice, and admiring numbers have acknowledged his sway.—Voltaire has taught him some of his sneers at religion; Condorcet has given him some of his stupid opinions on the mind, and Rousseau has told him that Eloisa and my Lord B. were people of the strictest virtue. Had the Illuminati systematised their theories, they would most probably have exactly corresponded with those of William Godwin. The herd of females which they intended to form, for the purposes of licentious indulgence, this philosopher's opinions would admit as a school of rational pleasure—their theoretical government, his doctrines would inculcate as the best to promote the general happiness, and to cherish the generous spirit in man.

While the enemy is rushing in like a flood, it is the duty of all who love their God and their fellow creatures, to lift up the standard against them. In discharge of this duty, many works have been written which must carry conviction to the hearts of all who are willing to believe. Among these works, "The Progress of the Pilgrim Good In-

* See 5th vol. of Orford's Works, 4to—Letters to Gen. Conway.

tent in Jacobinical Times," holds a station of merit and of influence. Public estimation in England has already called for three editions of this performance. It is now published for a second time, from an American press, in hope that it may promote the cause of religion and virtue. Its design is to expose the reigning infidelity of the present day, to show the inconsistencies, the dangers, and the inextricable calamities into which they lead. It follows the footsteps of the Pilgrim Good Intent, through the mazes of deluding Philosophy, through all the trials, the perils, and distresses which as a sinner he had to encounter, and finally conducts him in the company of Resignation, Faith and Certainty, to the Celestial City, where his enemies could not pursue him, but where glowing and everlasting transport received him. In imitation of the manner of the Pilgrim's Progress, the style of this performance is allegorical. Allegory has always been a popular method of conveying instruction, and is adapted to the capacities of all men. Instead of winding through the intricacies of reasoning, it follows a chain of facts—While it enlightens the understanding, it captivates the attention, interests the affections, and leaves a deep impression upon the memory. If systems cannot be built or overthrown by allegory, it can pourtray some of their greatest excellencies, it can expose some of their most formidable evils. It would, however, have been sufficient to say, that our Saviour spoke by parable, and he has thereby approved and sanctioned allegorical representations.

These remarks are offered merely as a desultory Preface to an anonymous work, which is considered as calculated to be useful among inquiring men; and as far as these opinions may have influence, it is recommended as a work happy in the manner which has been adopted, and successful in the execution.

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From the Newburyport Herald we extract the following note of the same work.

NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS;

Or, The Progress of the Pilgrim Good Intent in Jacobinical Times.

This work is written in a handsome stile; shows an intimate knowledge of the things concerning which it treats with a strong conviction of the worth of government and religion.—Good-Intent sets out from the town of *Sincerity* to travel to the *Celestial City*. Among other adventures, he, and his companions, Mr. Curiosity, Mr. Credulity, Mr. Hothead, Mr. Party-spirit, and others, are allured to the palace of Mr. Philosophy into which they enter over the serpentine stream of *False Research*.

The scenes here are well imagined to discover the dishonest arts of infidels by which men are led from christianity, and respect for social order, to be the promoters of anarchy and atheism. Infidels are in the habit of deceiving all, who listen to them, by calling religion superstition, government despotism, and church order persecution.

In the apartment of Mr. *Rational Christian*, as he called himself, Good-Intent saw the means by which Priestly and others, built their system of natural or rational religion on the ruins of Christianity. They form a scheme in their own minds; they reject all scriptures which contradict them. This, Good-Intent discovered to be real DEISM.

At the dwelling of *Sentiment* the Porter, whose house was kept by *Philanthropy*, *Moral Energy*, *Sensibility* and *Refinement*, he saw the follies of a numerous class of people. The admirers of Novels and Romances, the pretenders to the moral virtues without the christain graces, who think it religion to weep over a wounded butterfly, while they drive a hungry beggar from their door, who think themselves good, if they converse sentimentally, and shed tears of sensibility, though they neglect the duties, and reject the doctrines of the gospel; these persons will see themselves in the house of Mr. *Sentiment*. The house was full of books to show, that *moral virtues*, without christian *piety*, exists only in *books*, not in real life. Those ardent readers, who affect to have them are mere pretenders.

Like all works of genius the uniformity of its excellence renders it difficult to determine what parts to select as specimen of the performance.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF COLLEY CIBBER.

COLLEY CIBBER, a person eminent in the history of the English stage as an actor, manager, and dramatic writer, was born in London, in 1671. His father, a native of Holstein, was a statuary, who came over to England some time before the restoration. Though not among the more eminent names of his profession, he was an artist of considerable merit; and has left several specimens of his talents in London, of which the most noted are the figures of raving and melancholy madness, placed at the entrance of Bethlem hospital. Colley bore the name of his mother, the descendant of a good family in Rutlandshire. His first education was at the free-school of Grantham, whence his father hoped to get him elected into Winchester college, where he had a claim on account of his maternal descent from William of Wykeham; but he was disappointed. It was then intended to send him to the university; but some circumstances prevented altogether the design of bringing him up for the church, and at length he pursued the inclination he had long felt for the stage, and at the age of eighteen entered as a performer at Drury-lane theatre. His encouragement was at first very small; yet his hopes of success induced him to venture on a matrimonial engagement.... The first part in which he attracted much notice, was that of Fondlewife, in Congreve's Old Batchelor. He imitated in it the manner of the popular comedian, Dogget, with great success; and the cast of ridiculous old characters was ever after one in which he was most admired. In 1696, he first appeared as a dramatic author; and his comedy of "Love's Last Shift, or the Fool in Fashion," was pronounced by lord Dorset the best first play he had known. He himself acted the principal character, that of a fashionable fop or coxcomb; and this cast also proved happily suited to his talents. A distinguished subject of that species, the lord Foppington of Vanbrugh's Relapse, was committed to Cibber's representation, and acquired him great applause. Another comedy, in 1697, entitled "Woman's Wit," was but indifferently received; and his tragedy of "Xerxes," in 1699, only proved how inadequate his talents were to sublime and dignified composition. This piece stood the stage only one night, a circumstance to which the Tattler alludes in an humourous inventory of a theatrical sale, under the title of "The Imperial robes of Xerxes never worn but once." The comedy of "Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune," formed by Cibber out of two plays of Beaumont and Fletcher (for he had no scruple of profiting by the invention of others), proved very successful, and still occasionally appears in our theatres. Another pleasant bustling piece, also with a borrowed plot, "She would and She would not, or the Kind Impostor," was among his successful attempts. It was followed, in 1706, by "The Careless Husband," a comedy on which his principal reputation is founded, and which obtained the praise even of Pope, a man never his friend, and at last his bitterest satirist. It is, however, by no means a perfect play, being almost entirely without plot, and depending chiefly upon smart conversation-scenes, and the display of some lively rattling characters, with which the stage at that time abounded. Though its professed purpose is the reclaiming of a faithless husband, yet the virtuous wife is but barely endured, and all the superiority is given to the easy agreeable rake. But Cibber was not a man from whom much moral accuracy could be expected. It is needless to enumerate all his other dramatic pieces, of which some were successful, some otherwise. His importance as an actor and a writer continued upon the whole to increase; and in 1711 he subjoined the character of manager, by becoming a joint patentee of Drury-lane theatre. His knowledge of the world and of the public taste, rendered him a very useful associate to his brother-managers, Wilks and Dogget. At the accession of George I. a new patent was made out to Wilks, Cibber, Booth, and Steele. This association for some time went on amicably; but sir Richard's necessities obliging him to make continual calls upon the common stock, the rest at length refused further advances. This resolution so offended Steele, that he withdrew from the business of the theatre; on which account, the acting managers made a deduction from his receipts. A chancery suit was the consequence, and Cibber pleaded the common cause before sir Joseph Jekyll, master of the rolls, with so much clearness and judgment, that a decision was given in their favour. To conclude the topic of his managerial conduct, it appears that his opinion respecting dramatic pieces was not always to be depended upon, and that his behaviour to authors, especially young ones, was often highly insolent and overbearing, which exposed him to some severe retaliation.

In 1717, Cibber brought out his comedy of "The Nonjuror," a free imitation of Moliere's Tartuffe, pointed against the Jacobite party which at that time was a considerable object of apprehension, as well as of aversion to the friends of the Hanoverian succession. It had a great run at the theatre, and procured for the author a liberal donation from the king; but it increased the number of his enemies, and exposed him to much hostility in his dramatic career. The ridicule employed against him, had a wider scope from his appointment in 1730 to the post of poet-laureat. This appendage of a court, which, even the decent abilities of several later incumbents, has hardly been able to preserve from becoming ridiculous, was rendered completely so by the hapless lyrics of Cibber. The laugh was raised against him from all quarters; and had the court had any reputation to lose as a judge and patron of literature, this unfortunate appointment could not have failed to injure it. Cibber, however, who was not easily disconcerted, had the sense to join the laugh over his butt of sack, rather than attempt to vindicate his poetical character. About this time, he parted with his share in the patent, and withdrew from the business of the stage. He acted, indeed, occasionally, to an advanced age, nor was his vigour apparently abated, when, in his seventy-fourth year, he performed the part of Pandulph in his own play of "Papal Tyranny." To close the account of his dramatic works, it may be mentioned that he completed Vanbrugh's unfinished and excellent play of the "Provoked Husband, or Journey to London." Cibber's additions consist in the scenes of altercation between lord Townley and his lady.

In 1740, Cibber greatly amused the public by a work of biography and anecdote, entitled, "An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian, and late Patentee of the Theatre-royal, With an historical View of the Stage during his own time." The sprightliness and good-humoured frankness with which this is written, together with the abundance of anecdote, and the real judgment with which several distinguished performers are characterized, rendered it a very popular work, and have supported its reputation to the present

day. It has been a misfortune to his memory, that, from some cause, or probably an accumulation of causes, of which one was, doubtless, party-difference, he so grievously offended Pope, that this powerful and irritable bard has taken peculiar pains to transmit him in unfavourable colours to posterity. Not contented with several satirical strokes interspersed in his works, Pope has, in the later editions of his "Dunciad," dispossessed Theobald of his painful pre-eminence as its hero, and installed Cibber in his stead, though to the injury of his first conception of that character.

Cibber did not suffer these attacks in silence.... He expostulated with Pope in two letters, in which he sometimes appears to have the advantage both in serious remonstrance and jocular railery: and from the tempers of the two, it cannot be doubted that at the time, the contest was more painful to Pope than to Cibber. But Pope's satire is immortal, whereas Cibber's sarcasms are no longer read. Cibber may, therefore, be represented to future times with less credit for abilities, than he really deserves; for he was certainly no dunce, though not, in the higher sense of the word, a man of genius. His effrontery and vanity could not be easily overcharged, even by a foe. Indeed, they are striking features in the portrait drawn by himself.

A work of his old age, of a very different cast from those already mentioned, was "The Character and Conduct of Cicero considered, from the History of his Life, by the Reverend Dr. Middleton, &c. &c." quarto, 1747. Here he had certainly got out of his depth. The work was never valued, and is now forgotten. Cibber finished his long and busy course, at the close of 1757, when he entered upon his eighty-seventh year. He had several children. One of them, Theophilus Cibber, adopted both his father's professions, of actor and dramatic writer, but with inferior success. He was a character of thorough meanness and depravity, and finished a life of distress and infamy by shipwreck, in his passage to Ireland. Cibber's youngest child, Charlotte, who married Mr. Charke, a performer on the violin, was also brought on the stage; but that was one only out of a multiplicity of parts she acted in life; and perhaps no woman ever passed though a greater variety of adventures and occupations. They all terminated, however, in profligacy and wretchedness.

POLITICS.

The subsequent Sketch is "crayon'd out," in bold colours. It is spirited and faithful. The Editor chooses to preserve it, as characteristic of the political visage of America.

[From a correspondent at Washington, to the Editor of the Gazette of the United States.]

"COL. BURR's vote to refer the bill, for destroying the judiciary, to a select committee has greatly puzzled the Virginia party:....indeed his whole conduct is incomprehensible to them. Instead of lodging and boarding (as Mr. Jefferson did when Vice-President) at an Inn, he has taken a handsome suite of rooms and lives in the style of a perfect gentleman. All invitations to drink Toddy, and play cards, at Tunnicliff's Hotel, with the Virginians, have been declined, and he is not upon terms of familiarity with any one of them. It is said he has no great personal respect for the Virginia members, and indeed from what I've seen of them they are not calculated to excite the veneration of such a gentleman as Mr. Burr. I attended in the Senate when the resolution for destroying the judiciary was debated; it is impossible for me to convey by any description I can give, a correct idea of the splendour and profoundness of the argument. Mr. Morris's speech was a mighty effort of his mighty mind. 'Twas eloquent and augumentative, far beyond any thing my imagination had conceived possible. A crowded gallery and lobby seemed electrified, and his manner was quite as imposing, dignified and graceful as his speech was full of learning, argument, and brilliancy.....Mr. Tracy's was also highly Ciceronian, and the speeches of Mr. Hillhouse and Mr. White were greatly impressive. The most able from the ministerial side of the house were those of Mr. Baldwin and General Mason; who are unquestionably far, very far, superior to any of their party. Mr. Brackenridge has been much puffed by little Smith, the printer here, but without having in the least merited it, as you must know by having seen his speech; 'tis a feeble thing, and all the argumentative part is taken from a piece written on this subject by Mr. Taylor of Virginia, and published in the Examiner at Richmond under the signature of Fabricius. It is said, the puffs direct, and indirect, which have been given to this speech by the friends of Mr. *B. and by himself*, have made him as vain as a turkey, and that he really believes himself to be a second Daniel. In the house of representatives Mr. Giles leads the ministerial phalanx, and is the only member of it whose capacity is adequate to the conducting the measures of the party. Mr. Randolph attempted to lead, but failed; he has good talents for declamation, but his best friends do not give him credit for any thing more. Mr. Giles went home some time ago, and in his absence *many* of his subalterns claimed the command; the consequence was, they split and divided among themselves daily. On the return of Mr. Giles a grand caucus was held in the assembly room here; he amalgamated the party; they agreed there should, for some days, be a dumb legislation; that they would act, but not debate. This strong proof of subordination was not refused to Mr. Giles, and nothing was said for two days by the ministerial party. There are many who suppose all this was designed as contempt and disrespect towards the friends of the constitution, but *I know* (without being at liberty to acquaint you from what source) their real object was to muzzle some of their own party who had become troublesome. An old gentleman from Massachusetts, by the name of Bacon, had fretted his party sadly, and this arrangement served to drill and keep him quiet. He is a garrulous old gentleman, talking every day, on every subject, and to the annoyance of every body. He is in one sense a *moving* speaker, for when he rises the whole house is in motion and on the wing, although the speaker, wishing to divide with his friends the painful task of hearing, is constantly roaring "*to order*"....There are two of the Jersey gentlemen who are mighty hum drum orators; prior to the grand caucus they were vastly troublesome and spoke daily. Dr. Eustis and Dr. Mitchell are said to be gentlemen of talents; they have the manners and air of polished gentlemen; they however are not fitted for buffeting in the tempestuous sea on which the Virginians have launched them, and seem to take but little share in the business of the house. Although the ministerial party constitute a monstrous majority in Congress, they are not satisfied, because some gentlemen, on whom they had counted are not with them. Mr. Tillinghast of Rhode-Island votes uniformly with the constitutionalists: this is not relished, and Mr. Ellery a fat well tempered senator from Rhode-Island, assures his messmates at Tunnicliff's tavern, that I *shall* not be elected again; apropos of Rhode-Island; a ridiculous thing occurred yesterday in the Senate; Mr. Theodore Foster rose, and after addressing the President for two minutes, stopped short; after a considerable pause he continued, "Really sir, I *must* sit down, for I have forgot."....The passage of the bill to destroy our judiciary may be much obstructed, but *it will pass*. Mr. Jefferson has set his heart upon this measure; 'tis his favourite measure, and his party will (whatever scruples some of them may feel about the unconstitutionality of it) make this desired offering to his revengeful spirit. I have been told, by members of Congress of both parties, that Louisiana has certainly been ceded by Spain to Buonaparte, and that the fleets we have heard were about to sail from Brest, were destined for St. Domingo and the Mississippi. Since being here, I have attended very constantly the debates in both houses. Although the constitutionalists are not strong in numbers they are prodigiously so in talents; in the house they have many able men; the Connecticut delegation are a host in themselves; the most active and pre-eminent of the constitutionalists are Messrs. Griswold, Bayard, Rutledge and Dana; the last of these gentlemen is highly distinguished by his wit and ingenuity. Mr. Giles has put his paw upon the mint establishment and it will go; indeed I fear all our national establishments will be crushed one after another."

[The following, copied from Mr. Colman's paper, though it relates to a local misrepresentation in a Jacobin paper at New-York, deserves particular attention. Because, while it does justice to the political opinions of Gen. HAMILTON, Mr. ADAMS, and Mr. JAY, it completely refutes a popular misrepresentation respecting the real character and views of the federal party.]

COMMUNICATION.

To detect and expose the daily misrepresentations and falsehoods of the American Citizen, is little short of the toil of Sisyphus; and as far as respects the editor of that paper, the labour is equally fruitless. It is also hoped, that but a small part of the community are so far under the influence of party spirit, as to give credit to his slander; but least some should be led to believe what they see often repeated without contradiction, it becomes a duty to guard against such imposition.

In the Citizen of Tuesday, the editor asserts, that the federal party "was originally composed of tories who fought against the revolution; tories who retired within the British lines during the conflict, and some revolutionary officers who embarked in the contest to gratify personal ambition, and to farther private views, but who never felt the glow of republicanism at heart. Amongst a host of those characters, we may rank general Hamilton, John Adams, and John Jay, with a numerous band of minor federalists."

Has the rage of party so far swallowed up every feeling of genuine patriotism, so effectually extinguished in the bosom of true Americans the love of country, as to permit a fugitive foreigner thus to asperse the characters of men, who boldly risqued their lives in support of our independence, and whose purity of motives has never before been doubted? No difference in political sentiment, merely, can justify so impudent a calumny. The integrity of these gentlemen has been witnessed and acknowledged by their countrymen; whatever difference may obtain on the subject of present public measures, it is confidently hoped that every real American will indignantly frown upon such base attempts to rob them of what is eminently their right. It is difficult indeed to perceive how any conscientious man can reconcile it to himself, to countenance one, whose habitual conduct is a reproach to the party whose interests he advocates.

This editor spares no opportunity of blackening the character of General Hamilton; he distorts every circumstance in his life, and propagates every falsehood that malice can invent, to destroy his fame. A name at once so formidable and so hostile to the schemes of such people as Cheetham, cannot but excite the most lively fear and deadly hatred; whatever therefore can lessen its influence or ruin the confidence reposed in it, must be seized on without scruple; if it will but answer these purposes no matter how gross the calumny.—Pursuing

this plan the editor of the Citizen declares, that General Hamilton "introduced into the Convention, as is well known, a monarchical system of government, and endeavoured, by intrigue and by eloquence, to impose it upon them. Hence, after it was found impracticable to institute a monarchical government, General Hamilton, determined to do all he could, if not all he wished, became a zealous and conspicuous advocate of those branches of the constitution which savour most of royal power."

How far this is consistent with the complaint of the editor just before, that *the proceedings of the Convention are at this moment wrapped in mystery*, is left for him to shew; for certainly if the account he gives be correct, it must be pretty evident that whatever mystery there may have been it has been effectually unfolded. This remark is meant to have no other importance, than to shew that even from his own mouth, this editor stands convicted of inaccuracy if not of untruth....But the charge itself as it is explicitly made deserves an explicit reply, and it is therefore asserted in the most unequivocal manner, that it is FALSE; and the editor of the Citizen is challenged to produce the shadow of a proof in support of what he asserts to be a fact *well known*. Besides this assertion another shall now be made of hardly less consequence; the correctness of which, however it may be doubted by others, we confidently assert will not be denied by Mr. Maddison himself, or any one speaking for him....Mr. Maddison *was the man in the Convention who favoured the highest-toned form of government*.

General Hamilton was among those who proposed and advocated in the Convention our present Constitution; he afterwards exerted all his masterly talents, both as a writer and a speaker, to procure its adoption, and he has never ceased to lend it all his support. In the organization of our government under it, he has given so many and such irrefragable proofs of his all-comprehensive mind, as justly to entitle him to the gratitude of his country.....Posterity at least will appreciate his distinguished worth, and notwithstanding the pigmy efforts of his sworn foes, "*A grateful fame shall wait upon his memory*....Unfading honours shall gather round his monument and *thicken over it*."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

DAVID LONGWORTH of New-York, noted for being the proprietor of a Shakspeare Gallery, and for taste in beautiful editions, plates, &c. proposes publishing a number of volumes, which shall include the productions of the most celebrated modern poets. The editor of these projected volumes is of opinion that the increased taste of the public for works of merit, executed in an elegant style, is an incitement to this undertaking. He contemplates using a licence, which he thinks will meet approbation. Among the writings of poets, even of considerable celebrity, there is much inequality; and some things, occasionally, escape their pens, scarcely worthy of perusal. It is presumable that the purchasers of elegant copies of poetry would wish the contents to be in the same style of superiority with the execution, and as free as possible from alloy. He, therefore, though he does not contemplate a mutilation of works of merit, proposes omitting such productions as shall appear inferior and uninteresting. The first volume will contain "The Pleasures of Memory," by Mr. Rogers, and "The Pains of Memory," by Mr. Merry, with other Poems, by Rogers, some of which have but just appeared.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN the ironical "Advice to the Officers of the British Navy," a pamphlet modelled after Swift's "Directions to Servants," is the following curious lesson to the lieutenant.

After being relieved in any of the night watches, when you pass the beds of the other officers in the way to your own, shake them one by one, till you are sure the drowsy fellows are perfectly awake, and then tell them that it is a fine night, that the wind has shifted a quarter of a point, or any thing else *remarkable*, and they will certainly be much obliged by your attention and kindness.

—

A country gentleman was once allured to town by the promises of the duke of Newcastle, who for many months kept him in constant attendance, until the poor man's patience being quite exhausted, he one morning called upon his patron, and told him that he had at length *got a place*. And pray, sir, said the duke, where is your place. In the *Gloucester coach*, replied the disappointed expectant.

—

The Aurora says, "No man is more persuaded of his own consequence than Mr. Dana, of Connecticut." With due deference to the sage of Clonmell, we humbly conceive that there is *one* man in the world, who appears to be more persuaded of his own consequence than Mr. Dana; and that is the man, who, some time since, called upon the democrats throughout the United States, if they had any petition to make to congress, to apply to HIM, and assured them that HE would attend to their requests; who, in telling the story of Dr. Logan's fainting-fit, related to the public, as a principal circumstance, that the accident happened near HIS house, and to render the account more exquisitely affecting, informed us, that several *members of congress* had just left HIM; and who, still more recently, undertook to render the constitutionality of a repeal of the judiciary act "*more clearly understood*," after Mason, and Baldwin, and Breckenridge, and Jackson, and even Wright, and Cocke had in vain exhausted their talents in the endeavour. "This is the trout that must be caught with tickling," and we are told that several members of congress actually amuse themselves, in their hours of relaxation, by bestowing attentions upon him, for no other purpose than to see to what a ridiculous height his vanity and fancied consequence may be carried.

[*Gazette of the United States.*

—

In criticising the dress or the manners of our fair country-women, it is not quite fair to measure them entirely by a foreign standard. We should remember PRIOR's pleasant account of the diversities of custom.

We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white,
And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet,
Except each tooth is black as jet.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute....Ivory teeth,
An equal instance in this matter,
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe if a harmless maid,
By nature and by love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye,
Look in his index for Pagelli,
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land,
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted,
And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame,
Of going back the maid she came.

—

The French poets and philosophers have been much inclined to infidelity. Who is ignorant of the hatred, cherished by Voltaire and Rousseau against the christian religion, and, according to Herault de Sechelle's account of Buffon, he appears to have been an atheist.

—

In the printing house of that great scholar, Henry Stevens, every person spoke Latin from the garret to the kitchen, from the master to the old-maid, who served in the shop. The brothers were so very anxious to have all books accurately printed at their press, that, after diligently examining every sheet twice before they printed it off, they put out a third proof at their door, and promised a louis d'or to any person that should find a fault in it.

—

We are told by a connoisseur, that whoever would wish to see the pictures of TITIAN, in their utmost possible perfection, should visit Spain, the warm and dry air of that country having still preserved the brilliancy of his colours. The colour is entirely gone in that sublime piece of the Cornaro family, belonging to the duke of Northumberland.

—

Mr. Seward says of MONTAIGNE, that he has an energy of thought, and a raciness and force of expression, that we but rarely meet with in any of our essay writers, except Jeremy Collier. His essays would well bear another translation than that which Cotton has made of them, in whose flimsy language, the spirit and nerve of the honest and spirited Gascon lose all their strength and effect.

—

Philip II was a man of such phlegm, that having sat up a whole night with his secretary to write a dispatch, the secretary, overpowered with fatigue, and not knowing what he did, instead of strewing it with sand, when it was finished, by mistake took up the inkstand, and covered it with ink. Philip, nothing moved, took up the inkstand in one hand, and the sand box in the other, and presenting them to the secretary, said, Friend, remember another time that *this* is the ink, and *that* the sand.

—

In our house of representatives, there appears to be, on the majority side, a feeble band of chirping impertinents, who serve as a sort of *avant couriers*, to the leading *Ciceros* of the party.

Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn.....my lord approaches!!

—

On the occasion of the ill-treatment, experienced by MILTON, GRAY, GIBBON, &c. at the respective *alma mater* of each, it would be candid to attribute something to the petulance of the pupil, and something to the despotism of the institution.

The question might be asked and answered, in the words of VIRGIL,

Crudelis mater magis, an puer *improbus* ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.

—

When a husbandman claimed kinship with Robert Grosthead, bishop of Lincoln, and then requested from him an office. *Cousin*, said the bishop, if your *cart* be broken, I will mend it; if your plow be old, I'll give you a new one, and even seed to sow your land, but a husbandman I found you, and a husbandman I'll leave you. The prelate, who made this reply, knew nothing of the rights of man, of the dignity of republicans, nor was he versed in that blessed doctrine, which, confounding the order of nature, and distinctions of society, lifts up mean and unqualified persons to the heights of power, and depresses the noble, the learned and the virtuous. No, this old-fashioned bishop lived in *benighted times*, long before *Common Sense* was published, or the *French* revolution began.

An ingenious young physician, whose studies are usefully directed, and whose speculations are philanthropic and liberal, has favoured the Editor with

A BILL OF MORTALITY,

FOR PORTSMOUTH, NEW-HAMPSHIRE, FOR A. D. 1801. *BY LYMAN SPALDING, M. B.*

COMPLAINT.	AGE.	Jan.	Feb.	Mh.	Ap.	My.	Jun.	Jul.	Au.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total.
Aphtha,	3 weeks,								1					1
Apoplexy,	39 years,												1	1
Atrophy,	3 weeks, 50 3 years. 4 months, 55 years.	1					2			1			1	5
Cancer,	65 76 years,								1		1			2
Cholera Infantum,	6 to 18 months,							1	1	2	2			7
Consumption,	54. 50. 56. 75. 44. 35. 27 83. 65. 69. 56. 50. 60. 44. 32. 55. 26. 40. 48. 32.	4	1		1	3		1	3	1	2	2	2	20
Debauchery,	25, 29 years,				1				1					2
Dropsy,	28, 41 years,						1	1						2
Dropsy in the brain,	12 months,			1										1
Epilepsy,	4 w. 10 y. 8 w.	1		1					1					3
Fever, billious,	26. 30....45....18. 28....18. 14....64....8. 33,			2		1	2			2	1		2	10
Fever, pulmonic,	12 d. 15. 21. 84 y.		1		1						1		1	4
Hooping cough,	3 m. to 4 years,										4	7		11
Illiac passion,	95 years,											1		1
Mortification,	60 years,	1												1
Nephritis,	74. 66 years,						1				1			2
Old age,	82. 99. 75. 76. 80 y.	2						1		1		1		5
Palsy,	54. 42.....68. 64.....77. 46. 64....64. 43....60. 19. 80.			2	2		3			2			3	12
Phrenitis,	31 years,		1											1
Scrophula,	8 years,				1									1
Still born,			1											1
CASUALTIES. Burnt,	71 years,												1	1
Drowned,	60. 18. 45 years,						1					1	1	3
Fall,	17 years,										1			1
Frozen,	38 years,	1												1
Paregoric,	6 months,										1			1
TOTAL		11	3	6	6	4	10	4	8	9	15	12	12	100

Portsmouth, situated 43d. 5m. north. 70d. 41m. west from London, contains 5511 inhabitants. The town has been very healthful, not one in fifty-five having died. A billious remitting fever prevailed the whole year, which in several instances, in September and October, manifested the malignant type..... From June to October, the cholera infantum was prevalent. From September to the end of the year, the hooping cough was endemic, very few children escaped it. A fifth part have died of phthisis pulmonalis!!! "*Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?*"

—

The editor of the Aurora in one of his profound political letters from Washington, elegantly declares, that "the speech of Mr. Randolph was as *severe* as *any thing I have heard!* but *couched* in that *mellow* style of language, which, while it *corrects*, does not torture!" This, we suppose, is a specimen of the *new* phrase of our *new* times, this is a sort of reformed and *Gregorian style* of fashionable expression in our Washington court *calendar*. Here we have *severity*, equal to any thing the sage of Clonmell ever heard of, *couched* like a drowsy lion. Aye, and that same *severity* has found a soft *couch!* For he is *couched* in *mellowness*; and being thus in clover, or rather *mellow himself*, he does not even *dream* of *torturing* any one, but, like that harmless and fictitious lion in Shakspeare, *roars as gently as any sucking dove, yea roars like any nightingale.*

—

Duane assures us that "*vast assemblages of ladies* attend every day in the house of representatives, and that he foresees that, at no very distant period, the city of Washington is destined to be the centre of polished society." It is supposed that when this same city becomes another Paris, Mr. Duane will settle there, and that *vast assemblages* of Frenchmen, renegadoes, and other gentle beings will constitute the great school of urbanity.

—

One *Cato*, a *black* man, and writer in the Aurora, asserts, "that it would be *very easy* to settle all the disputes about the judiciary bill, if we only attend to the meaning of words, for in all the debates of our wise men, *the word office has never been satisfactorily defined.*" On reading this extraordinary paragraph, we were fully persuaded that Messrs. Morris, Calhoun, Tracy, Bayard, &c. should be dispatched as a committee to Philadelphia to confer with this Aurora Lycurgus, and learn the exact definition of words.

—

Letters from the banks of the Delaware, corroborated by official dispatches from the coral caves of many a river God, announce that the *shad*, warmed by the genial heat of *our winter*, has forsaken his *winter*-quarters, and chooses to come on shore, and bask in Market-street. Shad, as all the morning papers affirm, are now "as plenty as blackberries" in autumn; and, for ourselves we are positive that in these fortunate *revolutionary* times, we shall gather *fipenny-bits* from every parsley bed, and to meet herds of mammoths will be as common as to meet droves of sheep.

—

There is a Mr. *Smilie* in the house of representatives, a most unfortunate legislator, who labours-eth under a two-fold inconvenience, that of being perfectly unintelligible to others, and also of groping with so blunt a discernment, that he cannot find his *own meaning*. Mr. BAYARD, on a late occasion, was glad that this gentleman *knew what he said*, which was a very *unusual* thing.

—

We are glad to see in the shop of Mr. Humphreys, one of our active booksellers, a very copious list of subscribers to Parkinson's Chymical Pocket-book. This little volume presents, *in a nut-shell*, much useful science.

The popularity of Wordsworth's Ballads increases every hour. We are confident, that Messrs. Humphreys and Groff, the praise-worthy publishers of poetry, not unworthy of the muse of CHATTERTON, will be amply remunerated for their care and expense in publishing a complete and neat edition of verses, which will *outlive their century.*

—

One of the late eccentric song-writers in opera, has, in the manner of the facetious O'Keefe, declared, that his love is general, and affects

"The pretty maid,
The witty maid,
The napping maid,
The strapping maid,
The thinking maid,
The drinking maid,
The bold maid,
And the old maid,
The so so maid,
And the *no maid.*"

Nay, what is still more strange, that he is a victim of

"The sleeping eye,
The weeping eye,
The strolling eye,
The rolling eye,
The hinting eye,
The squinting eye,
The dun eye,
And the one eye,
The so so eye,
And the *no eye.*"

—

The *file-leaders* of democracy are obliged to keep watch and word over some of the *slumberers* among the herd. Many of those, who are only *told by the head*, are weary of long arguments against lucid truths, and with craving appetites and closing eyes, seem to wish that some one of their *keepers* would exclaim with Virgil's neat-herd,

"*Ite domum*, pasti, si quis pudor, ite *juvenci.*"

—

A certain preacher having changed his religion, was much blamed by his friends for having deserted them. To excuse himself, he said he had *seven reasons*, and being asked what they were, replied, *a wife and six children.*

—

A fellow found guilty of burglary before justice *Day*, in Ireland, shrewdly observed, that his fate had been singular, he had lost by *Day*, what he had got by *Night.*

—

The following *matrimonial* dialogue with a climax, will be allowed, by many a *Benedick*, to be characteristical.

Mrs. Souchong. I wish you would take me to Margate, *my dear.*

Mr. Souchong. I would much rather not, *my duck.*

But why not, *my love?*

Because I don't choose it, *my sweet.*

Not choose it, *my darling?*

I can't afford it, *my precious.*

Why not afford it, *Mr. Souchong?*

Because it is d———d expensive, *Mrs. Souchong.*

Expensive! why, neighbour Jenkins and his whole family are there, *man.*

Neighbour Jenkins is a fool, and his wife is no better than she should be, *woman.*

I think, however, you need not abuse my friends, *sir.*

I shall not imitate the example of your friends, *madam.*

Then if *you* won't go, *I will*; that's *poz*, *husband.*

And if *you* go, you don't have a penny from me, that's *poz*, *wife.*

—

AN INSTRUCTED SENATOR, Mr. Stone, a senator, from North Carolina, repairs to Washington, to join a *deliberative* assembly, with a mind, *manacled* by the *instructions* of his constituents. To

what an abject state of humiliation must the mind of a man of abilities be reduced, which could submit to be dictated to by the *people*, and instructed by *ignorance*. On this occasion, Mr. Morris observed, "I cannot but express my deep regret for his situation. Tied fast as he is by his instructions, arguments, however forcible, can never be effectual. I ought, therefore, to wish for his sake, that *his mind may not be convinced* by any thing I shall say; for hard indeed would be his condition, to be bound by the contrarient obligations of an order and an oath. I cannot, however, but express my profound respect for the talents of those, who gave him his instructions, and who, sitting at a distance, without hearing the arguments, could better understand the subject, than their senator on this floor, after full discussion."

The proud and accomplished EDMUND BURKE, once resisted, with manly vigour, an attempt to controul *his* mind, by the crude politics of his Bristol constituents. It is pleasant to the writer to copy and to *implicitly* believe the maxims of this brilliant scholar, this sagacious statesman, this *genuine* patriot.

"My colleague expresses himself in favour of the coercive authority of instructions.

"Certainly, gentlemen, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him: their opinion high respect; their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to their's; and, above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment, and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifice it to your opinion.

"My worthy colleague says, his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of *will* upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate, and another decide; and where those, who form the conclusion, are, perhaps, three hundred miles distant from those, who hear the arguments."

To deliver an opinion is the right of all men; that of constituents is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a representative ought always to rejoice to hear; and which he ought always most seriously to consider. But *authoritative* instructions; *mandates* issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience; these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our constitution.

—

The debate in the House of Representatives, of the 15th instant, was considerably acrimonious, and we remark, that it turned chiefly upon the motion of Mr. Bayard, which was for a postponement of the bill, repealing the judiciary establishment, until the third Monday in March.

The honourable mover advocated his motion on the ground of expediency; alleging that no possible inconvenience or mischief could arise from the postponement, since the law if passed, *on the instant*, was not to take effect, until the first of July; that the interval would afford time to discern the operation of the proposed measure on the public mind, &c.

By the friends of the bill very strenuous, and, in some degree, intolerant opposition, was made to the postponement; *this is the day*, was the cry of some; this is *our* day, was the exclamation of others; while the emphatic language of those, who sorrowingly acknowledged, that they approached with dismay the constitutional question, was, this is *not our* day.

In the course of the preceding debate, we notice, with some small pleasure, one courteous exception, from the general complection of *majority* remarks. The observations we refer to, fell from a gentleman, whose attainments as a polite scholar, we are not now to recognize, for the first time. As his words, breathe conciliation, rather than comfort, we have nothing to thank him for, save the urbanity of his diction. Take a specimen.

Mr. *Randolph*—I should not have arisen now, but from seeing the day nearly gone, and from being prepared for a re-iteration of motions that will consume the whole of it.

Other reasons are urged. We are told, the great constitutional question may be evaded; when I say so, I do not mean to impute to gentlemen any disposition to embarrass the discussion, but a disposition to shrink from a question, which they say, will give a stab to the constitution. Believing as they do, I think the fear an honourable fear; but thinking differently myself, it becomes me to speak differently. It becomes me to declare that this is a great constitutional question, that ought to be decided and decided soon. It ought not to be left till the public mind shall be acted upon incorrectly; till some twenty or thirty years hence, it shall be operated upon by war, by intrigue or by improper excitement. When I see all the dangerous motives, such as war without, and treason within, which too frequently operate, and compare the state of the country, under their influence, with its present situation, entirely free from them; I say this is the period for decision; for decided it must be. I feel for gentlemen, whose correct disposition it is, to shrink from a question, whose result must be adverse to them. I have been in the same situation. I, like them, have shrunk from some questions, but did they wait for me till their power was taken from them? According to this course, no decision can take place, but that which conforms to the fears of a minority, &c.

Here we cannot refrain from indulging an exclamation, which proceeds from the most solemn conviction of mind, in its contemplations, on this momentous subject. Happy, thrice happy would it be for the interests of this great and growing nation, if, in the language of this shining son of *the ancient dominion*, no decision should take place, on this occasion, "but that which conforms to *the fears of a minority!!*"

The Legislature of the United States, is not "the only tribunal, before which, the great constitutional question, involved in the principle of this repealing bill, can be decided." The constitution of your country has said, that your "judges both "of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold "their offices during good behaviour." This is a part of the charter of our land, settled, confirmed and adopted by *conventions* in all the states, and the national legislature have no right to expunge it from that instrument, by a law. "The constituion," (as was elegantly expressed, by Judge Patterson, in his celebrated charge* on a very important controversy) "encircles and renders it an "holy thing. The constitution is certain and "fixed; it contains the permanent will of the people, and is the supreme law of the land; *it is "paramount to the power of the Legislature*, and "can be revoked or altered only by the authority "that made it. The life giving principle and the "death-doing-stroke must proceed from the same "hand. What are legislatures? Creatures of the "constitution; they owe their existence to the "constitution; they derive their powers from the "constitution; *it is their commission;* and there-"fore, all their acts must be conformable to it, or "else they will be void."

* See Vanhorne's Lesse vs. Dorrance, 2 Dallas Rep. 304—320.

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When two acquaintances meet in the rain, it is very natural for one of them to tell the other that it is a wet day; a simple assent to so evident a position is given, without stopping to controvert it, and so the matter ends. But it is far otherwise, when a man has to pay for a book and read many pages to be informed of matters that he knew before.

—

A clergyman in England in a sermon preached for the benefit of the Humane Society, instituted for the recovery of persons apparently dead by drowning, chose with exquisite felicity the following text from Acts 20, 12...."*They brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted.*"

—

Circulating Libraries, now so general and useful, says an English writer, are of no greater standing than fifty or sixty years. The first in London was commenced in the Strand, by a bookseller of the name of Wright, about the year 1740; he was succeeded by Batho, who was succeeded by Mr. John Bell: his library has lately been sold at auction. The number of circulating libraries in Great Britain in 1800 was one thousand. In the Capital of the United States there are two, and Boston in New England boasts of one.

—

PROBLEMS

Proposed for the solution of Mr. Breckenridge.

A man is standing before a genial fire, when, by the intenseness of the weather, the thermometer is at the freezing point. If you remove him from the fire, he will assuredly freeze. Qu. if the fire be extinguished, whether he will still be warm?

Again, "There are two reapers in a field, one of which shall be taken away, and the other left." Qu. which of them would you take away, to have them both left?

[*Farmer's Museum.*

—

A paper entitled the Watchtower, published at New-York by one *Cheetham*, tells his readers that the elegant speech of Mr. Morris, of the Senate, on the repeal of the judiciary, is a *weak* performance. The man who thus wishes to deceive the ignorant and perhaps honest part of his customers, exhibits either *weakness* of intellect, or wickedness of heart, or both. [*ibid.*]

—

It is rumoured that the printing the United States laws in Massachusetts is given to the Editor of the National Ægis at Worcester. The same gentleman is also appointed postmaster. The original intention of publishing the laws was for their diffusion among the people; but how is the attainment of this object to be effected, by publishing them in a paper, just established, and which, we presume, has the smallest circulation of any one in Massachusetts? The attorney-general of the United States can probably solve this enigma. In Boston, they are now published in the Chronicle, but formerly in the Centinel, the latter of which has the greatest circulation of any paper in the state.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am a strenuous advocate for the system of reformation, which is the order of the day; and by which I hope, eventually, to see that tottering old building, THE CONSTITUTION, destroyed.

Our first step for this purpose, has been to direct the attention of the citizens to that part where they are most vulnerable....their purses. We have, in consequence, endeavoured to convince them, that a great many props of the fabric are very expensive, and of no use, and, therefore, ought to be pulled down; by which means (if we are successful), it will be left in such a situation, that, from the laws of gravitation, it must fall.

Pleasing myself with a belief that it might be of some service to my party, and thinking it proper (as long as they do not interfere with *my interest*) to give due praise to whatever has or may advance its schemes, I penned the following

ODE TO PARSIMONY.

....." *Luxury's all turn'd out of doors,*
Frugality took in."

1.

O, GODDESS of the sallow cheek,
The hollow eye, the shrivell'd neck,
And brow with wrinkles clouded,
On broken crutch, with erring aim
Supporting ill thy palsied frame,
In tatter'd blanket shrouded!

2.

Already we thy presence own,
Already is thine influence shewn,
Throughout this favour'd free land;
And soon shalt thou in warm debate
Display thyself in every state,
And reformation be plann'd.

3.

Although uncouth I own thy form,
Yet still thou hast such pow'r to charm
Our servants in high station,
That all shall chaunt thy praise with glee;
E'en Gallatin shall yield to thee
The purse strings of the nation.

4.

O'er all our councils urge thy sway,
Their speech direct....their projects lay;
O give them thy protection!
Let each possess a miser's heart,
That we at waste no more may start,
Secure in thy direction.

5.

Then shalt thou, on our welfare bent,
Attentive thrice count o'er each cent,
And, spite of silly scoffers,
Against the fed'ral false pretence
Of *necessary self defence*,
Shut fast the public coffers.

6.

Why keep, to stun our peaceful ears,
Artillerists and engineers,
Who waste our ammunition?
Disband them every one....good Lord!
Une ecole militaire! (*a*) absurd!
'Tis quite an imposition!

7.

Stop not, but while with action warm,
Fill'd with the spirit of reform,
Cleanse the Augean stable:
Sell off at once the public stores,
The cannon, powder, ships, boats, oars;
Leave not a spar or cable.

8.

Thou knowest how inutile are
Those ships prepar'd for barb'rous war,
That proudly brave the ocean;
And how much better 'tis to grant
Some millions an ally may want,
Than tempt that dread commotion, (*b*)

9.

What tho' by fell piratic pow'r,
Our merchants in unlucky hour
Were of their treasure plunder'd?
It makes no difference; to them
The loss had been the very same,
If Jove had storm'd or thunder'd.

10.

If Europe wishes us to pour
The gifts of Ceres from our store,
To keep her sons from starving;
Why, let her *take* them(*d*)....'tis confest,
That dinner is not worth the guest,
That is not worth the carving.

11.

Then see the forts unfinish'd lie,
Sans stores, *sans* troops, and loudly cry
"Were surely thus of no use:"
Oh! sell them, sell them....that's your plan,
Their seat, their stones and mortar can,
No doubt, some eagles produce.

12.

The judges....what a numerous band!
What service are they in a land,
Where vice so very scarce is?
Thy patience let them not abuse;
Nor longer listen to their use.....
Their use!....a very farce is.(*e*)

13.

What halcyon times we soon shall have!(*f*)
What happiness, when thou shalt save
US from excise and duty!
The golden age again appears!
The world regains its acorn years,(*g*
In all their pristine beauty!

14.

And yet, sage Goddess, I confess
Tho' great thy merit and address,
There's one thing unattended,
The pay our servants still receive
Is more, I think, than we should give;
Pray, could not that be mended?(*h*)

15.

But pardon....sure the civic zeal
That those in pow'r (our servants) feel,
Unlike "politic sinners,"
Can ne'er permit them to debase
The dignity of human race,
By serving for their dinners!

16.

Oh, no!....e'en now I think I see
Each with his "hog and hominy,"
At luxury and state scowl;
And swear, full hearty, that a slice,
When sauc'd by thee, is far more nice
Than venison or wild fowl.

17.

Then from their meal, before they rise,
To drink perdition to excise,
Each takes his sup of whisky;
Delightful bev'rage! at whose shrine
(Debarr'd by poverty from wine)
Thy poet oft gets frisky.

18.

Each senator, by thee inspir'd,
Then ("fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,"
Or, like Sir Hugh, "in cholers,")
Shall loudly cry...." economize!!"
The president himself, despise
HIS THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!

ASMODEO.

(*a*) There are some federalists, who think an institution of this kind necessary, and affirm, that, without it, in case of war with any foreign power, we should be obliged, as formerly, to import engineers from Europe, as if native energy required the assistance of art! But grant their position, cannot engineers be hired as cheap as patriots? It is surely never worth our while to raise them. This argument holds good also against the naval school.

(*b*) I have heard, with much astonishment, that many of our merchants are dissatisfied with parts of our treaty with France. I wonder what they would have! A'nt it the best we could get? Havn't we had a great deal of trouble about it, and even sent the fashionable Mr. Dawson all the way to France for it? They want to persuade us, that, as the government was formed to take care of the liberty and property of all the citizens, it ought to pay them for their property, which it thought proper to make France a *present* of! But this sophism won't do. They'll find, that a "great, free, powerful, and independent nation," who chose to make that treaty, will also know how to reject all such claims on the treasury.

(*d*) See this profound argument urged with his usual eloquence, in (if they are yet in existence) Dr. Priestley's "Letters to the Inhabitants of Northumberland."

(*e*) The disbandment of the judicial army will destroy the greatest barrier to that *acme* of happiness, which, under our present administration, we are so rapidly progressing to. What but the enlarged ideas of public benefit, which our servants in power possess, could urge them to such exertions as they are making? They even labour (if I may be indulged in a favourite expression of a very pretty author of the present day, who delights to see his trifles, as he modestly terms them, printed with a neat type, on fine paper) *con amore!* They

"Give the guardian laws *their* majesty to know!"

I hope soon to see our fetters thrown aside, and, in place of all the parade of trial we have hitherto had, an imitation of the Athenian ostracism introduced, which is certainly more consonant to the individual dignity of mankind:.....Then shall no impudent Aristides dare to show his head amongst us.

(*f*) It will be perceived, that I had an eye on Virgil's

.....redeunt Saturnia Regna.

Whether Virgil or I have the best right to the expression, I leave to future commentators on us to determine; though I confess these are a kind of gentry I don't like. They pay no respect to persons. Indeed I should not be surprised, if some of them were stupid enough to compare the incomparable Jefferson to Augustus: or (*parva componere magnis*), me to Virgil.

(*g*) "Acorn years."....Some great philosophers have asserted, that mankind, at this happy time, fed upon acorns. Their opinion, however, has been contested by others, equally great, who affirm, that it was not the fruit of the *quercus*, because the *glans* is bitter, and therefore not palatable, but of the *castanea*, vulgarly called chesnut. But this controversy is too important for me to decide. It is very certain that, in process of time, mankind, disdaining the plain food of their ancestors, in consequence of an aristocratic party springing up amongst them, introduced the luxury of wheat, which, in a short time, destroyed all that natural simplicity, for which they were formerly distinguished. They even became so shameless, as to boast of their depravity by the establishment of the *cerealia*.

(*h*) I was much pleased with an idea that dropped from one of the opposition, Mr. Bayard, which, however he meant it, is a very just one: *i. e.* he said, we might think the legislature, which costs the nation four or five hundred thousand dollars, useless; break it down, and import laws ready made from Westminster-hall, for ten or fifteen thousand dollars.

Fas est etiam ab hoste doceri. I think this hint ought not to be thrown away; though I would not approve of bringing our laws from Westminster hall. We might hire people enough of our own to make them, at the price he mentions. Suppose the office set up at auction, and struck off to him, who would serve for the lowest wages?

A.

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